Want to ignore the whole subject of my health with you, for very
Good reasons which I needn't go into; & hope for your co-operation.
What an amiable donkey that woman Holtby is! Why
Doesn't she send the bill straight to me & I told her not to
Consult my friends; after all I'm the chief authority — Jan, I'm
sure, know nothing of the facts - who taught me Greek & to an-
Please tell her - or shall I? - to let me have the chapters & I'll
make all correct. - Why she showed such delicacy to me
I can't imagine. Most of being pilloried by that bloody
Rota 2.4.63
founder Beaton. I don't mind what people write about my
"Life" — indeed showed be immensely amused & interested
by their interpretation. And the ~~ss~~ is far too kind, Gentle, &
such meanness to hunt a hair on the hinder leg of a fly. NYPL
look, it's not very cheerful here. Floods & tempests: Down Jane
out like wet paper. And my poor brother-in-law Clive Bell
steadily getting blinder. all the oculists - even the Swiss - seem
helpless, & one doesn't dare even to show sympathy, though
to see him trying to read this & then that & giving it up as a
bad job is enough to wring even my abnormally
unsympathetic heart. And his love (the old one) has had a bad
operation, but is recovering; & shall one try, as she hints, to
help a reconciliation? If he's to be blind — my God, Ethel,
the when his only (non-sensual) pleasures are hearing at lectures
& reading 6 hours a day — what one to say of the divine
providence that inflicts this on him with at least 20 more
years of life before him? It's for you Christians to solve these bitter
problems. Let me see Holtby: & what shall I do about
the photographs? V.

7 Sep 1931

Mendy Mark Howe.

L. says much the best thing would be for you to send the negative to the people where is making the reproduction. Do here this. Will you let us have it back when done with?

No, I didn't mean "you were "never to tell me I think you look well" — but Lord! it's hopeless to make you see what I did

mean to / give it up. from this day forwards. But /
We have a child growing in me, & this accident — is the
worst of this it happens on — We all for the best
in the best of all horrible worlds.

NYPL

Wolfby; write me a long list of
Injunctions — I'm sorry the
bothered you. Hasta la vista

V.

Rita 2.4.43

Monks Risborough, Friday 18th Sept 1931

I admit I've been a wretch about writing, but O how I hate writing & the futility of all human intercourse has never seemed to me greater & there seems little efforts to patch up what's called understanding – how idiotic. And, there being my views on the universe, taken from all sides accumulated, & as I look at them many-coloured, I put off writing again & again: what is there to be said in writing? Fact fact. Thanks, many thanks for the alcohol whose name – Clive is in Venice, & I want to see him till mid-October, I suppose: & wish them joy tactfully to tell him of his man. Only he's as sensitive as can be about his eye – poor man. I

imagine Jim living in a storm, hurricane - rather blustery - overwhelming) imagine - a life unlike anything that's ever happened in my life. Here we go on eternally NYPL
(seeing) & being seen. At this moment I write at a gallop, expecting my seducing half brother & his wife - why they drive so much to see as I can't imagine. And the drawing room, all agog a little, & we sit down to tea, & there's not enough tea spoons, & we shall talk about his prize pigs, & Margaret will wonder how Jessie ever put up with such half sisters so long. I shall slip into a back seat somewhere one of these nights - not the first night - at Covent Garden & absorb silently - The Gallery, what I like where one needn't dress. No; Wagner first sound: anyhow let's speculate longer. Don't read it. Don't let's indulge in these high flown remarks about genius: let's settle down in silence to think ourselves very small beer indeed - which is what I am. And here's Jean. V.

Rota 2.4.63

Oct 1 1931

52 T. S.

Thursday.

Well, here we are back again, but I confess in a vile temper, complete confusion & rage at having Rodmell this fine day. O we had so many people last week end – unknown, undesired, unattractive – why I can't think. And now, a 2 - hour broadcast every Thursday night, how we are in this grime, in this chaos (I'm not unhooked) in this disorderly, squalid, & I'm only to put my nose out of doors & run into a friend – no, an acquaintance, who want me to write an article – as if I wanted to write articles – for his cursed paper by Wednesday. Being so exceptionally humane I half said I would – to put all this against my doors, march – stifling home, alone, & hearing an owl or two in the elm tree.

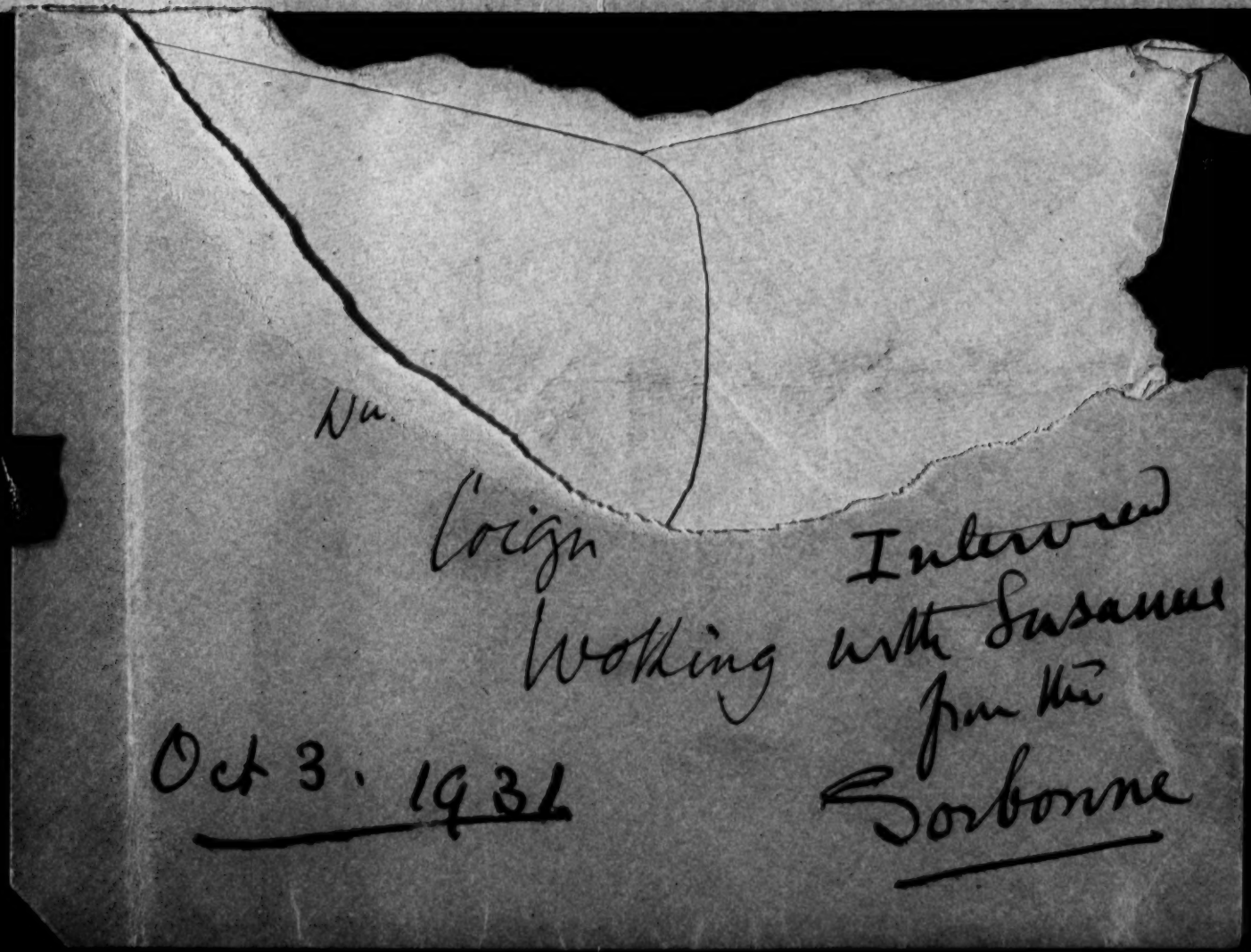
By the way; was the Wrecken good,

on Thursday? I only caught the roar at the end, as
our local Colonel of course made electric light that
Evening, & ate your Jugged Chevreuil wandered like
bees in a swarm. Indeed I fear that Mr is
busy. But I suppose they'll now do it in
May with all the Court there in their
Diamonds. What shd we put a back seat if
I possibly can on the 14th. NYPL But then I'm
in such a rage. So I go on saying: but if you
could see the letter in this room – all the
letters I've not answered – the mots. I've not read,
& the grime, after Rodmell – I cheat, why does one
want the few fine October Evenings that remain in
going off at 7.30 to Lavay Hill to listen to a
broadcasting about democracy. Do I believe in
the future of the human race? Do I care if pil
perishes or survives? And their Collets – I
mean I do keeping out the slaughter of the
invitations, unanswered. Please forgive them
groans. It's time to be off to broadcast now.
And I suppose you sit regal triumphant as sweeny
letters by the score, receiving laurel wreaths, horses
made of chrysanthemums, & whatever
else. Successful composers
like Ethel
no room V.

52 T. S. Saturday Oct 3. 1931

Ah me, dear Ethel, how you would have laughed yestderay--its on these occasions I most vividly recall you, when theres something ridiculous in my situation, for as I said I'm making a new image of you, bearing a fresh child; and she--the new Ethel is sardonic, brutal, truculent, savage, an irredeemable lover of reality in its least flattering guise--but shes not finished yet, my new Ethel--but how you would have laughed I thought. I was drawing in after a violent helter skelter day, assuming some control of my faculties, about six; then the door opens. Then push in, shuffling, past elly who did her best to bar their way, three small shabby dowdy, asexp speechless figures; one, of an old apelike man; two young women with shiny noses, cheap shoes, and unkempt hands. Holding out an envelope the man approached and there I found myself addressed by anxxx a poet I hardly know called Blunden and asked to recive Mademoiselle Rousel, who is writing about my books. They stood round shuffling in silence uneasy gulity as I read. Thus assaulted what coulf I do but say Sit down. What can I do? What do you want of me? Dead silence. More shuffling. The grey monkey old man then mads a very much impeded speech to the effect that he is an elementay school teacher in Kent, but directly descended from the author of Ralph Roister Doister, the first English comedy, who was I doubtless knew was called Udall, as he was. Upon which I bowed. And therefore with this blood in our veins, he said, we tend to try as a family not very successfully, far from it, to write. My daughter here, she writes, stories for children, as yet unpublished. Yes, Mr Udall, I said. And what can I do? And this young lady, Mademoiselle--she lets me call her Susanne, pointing to the other silent sweating damsel, who had not yet broken silent but wrung her ree red hands almost incessantly, she is a guest of ours, for my sister, who--for were all a bit eccentric--runs a boarding house in the old mansion where Sir Harry Vane was born she--Susanne she lets me call her--hatys with mys sister, --that is my sister, who's eccentric like the rest of us, desires to encourage what I may call reciprocity among the young of different nations. How it strikes you, Mrs Woolf, I dont know; but as an elementary school teacher, (Ive tried to write but failed, owing I may flatter myself to the fact that mi ideas arent other peoples) --I may Mrs Woolf, we need reciprocity to understand the view point of otherraces. So Susanne as she lets me call her is staying with us--that is with my sister. And so Mr Blunden, who was taught by my sistser--she used to keep a school--he told us, very kindly being interested in Susanne, to call on xxxx you--since the young lady who's at athe Sorbonne has been studying--which book?--

Dr Sunday.
I dont know why I've
Wednesday, I think I
Lord! Is you really
Dont know: well,
glorious decorum
i dotted. V.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Loign
Working
Interview
with Susanne
from the
Sorbonne
Oct 3. 1931

52 T. S. Saturday Oct 3. 1931

Ah my deay Ethel, how you would have laughed yestderay--its on these occasions I most vividly recall you, when theres something ridiculous in my situation, for as I said I'm making a new image of you, bearing a fresh child; and she--the new Ethel is sardonic, brutal, truculent, savage, an irredeemable lover of reality in its least flattering guise--but shes not finished yet, my new Ethel--but how you would have laughed I thought. I was drawing in after a violent helter skelter day, assuming some control of my faculties, about six; then the door opens. Then push in, shuffling, past elly who did her best to bar their way, three small shabby dowdy, ~~asexp~~ speechless figures; one, of an old apelike man; two young women with shiny noses, cheap shoes, and unkempt hands. Holding out an envelope the man approached and there I found myself addressed by anxxx a poet I hardly know called Blunden and asked to recive Mademoisels Rousel, who is writing about my books. They stood round shuffling in silence uneasy gulity as I read. Thus assaulted what coulf I do but say Sit down. What can I do? What do you want of me? Dead silence. More shuffling. The grey monkey old man then made a very much impeded speech to the effect that he is an elementay school teacher in ent, but directly descended from the author of Ralph Roister Doister, the first English comedy, who as I doubtless knew was called Udall, as he was. Upon which I bowed. And therefore with this blood in our veins, he said, we tend to try as a family not very successfully, far from it, to write. My daughter here, she writes, stories for children, as yet unpublished. Yes, Mr Udall, I said. And what can I do? And this young lady, Mademoiselle--she lets me call her Susanne, pointing to the other silent sweating damsel, who had not yet broken silent, but wrung her ~~rec~~ red hands almost incessantly, she is a guest of ours, for my sister, who--for were all a bit eccentric--runs a boarding house in the old mansion where Sir Harry Vane was born she--Susanne she lets me call her--~~hats~~ with mys sister, --that is my sister, who's eccentric like the rest of us, desires to encourage what I may call reciprocity among the young of different nations. How it strikes you, Mrs Woolf, I dont know; but as an elementary school teacher, (Ive tried to write but failed, owing I may flatter myself to the fact that mi ideas arent other peoples) --I say Mrs Woolf, we need reciprocity to understand the view point of otherraces. So Susanne as she lets me call her is staying with us--that is with my sister. And so Mr Blunden, who was taught by my sistser--she used to keep a school--he told us, very kindly being interested in Susanne, to call on ~~me~~ you--since the young lady who's at athe Sorbonne has been studying--which book?--

Dr Sunday.
I dont know why Ive bothered ah thus
Wednesday, I think 2.30 would be
best! for you really read my letter
Dont know: well, no further, they
Exemplary decorum fucks to the
i dotted. V.

NYPL

ok Mrs dalloway-- and wants to ask you--now Susanne, what are the questions you want to ask Mrs Woolf?"

"Ive forgotten, Madame; said Susan, wringing her red bald hands. I dont rightly know now what I want to ask you--except--can you tell me perhaps, do you differ in your views from other people? And what--could you tell me quite simply--what is your--its a hard word to pro nounce --pheel--o--so--phy-- That is could ask you to explain as Mr Blunden has so kindly introduced us what why that is you have written your books? " Here she broke down twsiting her shabby shoes like an eel on the mat. "That is, said Mr Udall, she wants to ask you madam, if you had any reform to advocate in writing these books, which I understand attempt rather a diff erent viewpoint from our English classics. Now I in my plays had an end in view; I am by nature a reformer Madam, though through circumstances I am an elementary school teacher in Kent. Now if you could very kindly put into a simple form what was your intention in writing let me see the Talk to the Lighthouse--thats I think what this young lady would like to ask you."

"Our students said Susanne, do not know English well; but would gladly know Madame, have you any meaning in what you write, could I tell them simply, I should be so very gratfeul, but alas, I am so upset at coming into your presence, that what I was asked to say, I cannot now remember. I do not speak well. I do not explain myself. It is a thesis I am writing upon English fiction; and Mr Blunden says you have written English fiction-- with a philosophy--
Which reminds me, her broke in the small apelike man, to ask, could you help me with your advice about my daughter here, Amy(pointing to the other silent, shiny girl who had so far made no remark whatsoever) Shes turned twenty; and a hard worker, Mrs Woolf, I may say; if shy. But she too is set upon writing--for so we all are in our family, being the descendants of ~~Not~~ Nicholas Udall who wrote our first English comedy-- which you might have seen acted three years ago by the students at Highgate college-- And we cant, having a boy coming on, no let her write, save she makes a livig Thats what we'd like to ask you to tell us-- could Amy -- thats my daughter-- make a living and still have her mornings free for writing? And could she in your opinion do so in some circle that involved society of educated literary people, since I hear society is now so important in a ~~xxxxxxxx~~ literary career. Thats what we want to ask you; and also, Susanne here would like to kno so as to put it before the students at the Sorbonne, have you any special meaning when you write your books?

I assure you , so we went on from six to seven thirty.

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